ECLIPSE COMICS™
№10

The Illustrated Horror Magazine for Mature Readers

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ALIEN ENCOUNTERS™

The PENUMBRA

WRITE TO: ECLIPSE COMICS - P.O. BOX 199 - GUERNEVILLE - CALIFORNIA - 95446

ON THE RACKS

SCOUT no. 14
"Nobody Loves Me But My Mother"—concluding the saga of Doody, the Boy Prophet. Plus, the finale of the first "Monday the Eliminator" story.

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS no. 10
Four stories, including our first *Ray Bradbury* adaptation, "The Exiles," by Tom Sutton.

AIRBOY no. 11 & 12
Still bi-weekly! Now full size! Learn the origin of Airboy's plane, Birdie, then join Skywolf, Davy and Hirota as they seek the destroyers of Skywolf's island sanctuary. Plus, Skywolf back-ups in each issue!

ZOONIVERSE no. 3
The sadistic Ty Rote sets up an entertaining kangaroo court, and the Kren Patrol falls toward the surface of Mune!

GIANT-SIZE MINI COMICS no. 3
More bizarreness from the minds of the mad geniuses who have made the mini-comics movement, one of the last cottage industries.

THE DREAMERY no. 1
Beginning a new serialized anthology comic! "Andri's Christmas Shoes," the story of a centaur colt who wants real horseshoes like his father.

THE OFFICIAL HAWKMAN INDEX no. 2
All you need to know, complete with cover reproductions, about the adventures of the Feathered Furies from Thanagar.

NEW WAVE no. 11
Now Monthly! After their adventures on the island of Avalon and their battle with the Volunteers, the New Wave go to the circus!

LUGER no. 2
Luger and his—sister(?) travel to a Pacific island in search of the missing girl. By one of the best teams in comics; Bruce Jones, Bo Hampton and Tom Yeates!

MR. MONSTER no. 7
Doc Stearn . . . Mr. Monster makes a career of saving other people from their horrors. But what's hiding under his own bed?

TALES OF THE BEANWORLD no. 5
Find out more about how the mystery pods work, and come meet a nifty new character!

THE OFFICIAL LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES INDEX no. 1
Starting our exhaustive survey of the granddaddy of modern super-hero group comics.

ADOLESCENT RADIOACTIVE BLACK BELT HAMSTERS in 3-D no. 4
A special Hamster Christmas to you and yours in zany 3-D. Join the Hamsters as they discover the true meaning of Christmas.

THE NEW DNAgents no. 15
An assault of bad news finds Sham melting away into nothingness, which leaves it up to the rest of the team to face the menace of Gemstone II.

VILLAINS & VIGILANTES no. 1
Direct from the popular role-playing game! Two neophyte heroes look for jobs as members of the Crusaders. Instead, they find the Crushers, who have other plans for them.

PORTIA PRINZ OF THE GLAMAZONS no. 1
Portia Prinz, the world's foremost pseudo-intellectual superheroine, returns in this special re-introductory issue. Don't miss this lead in to the five-part story "Glamazon's Burden."

DEPORTEES: One of the weirdest things happened today. I just found out that i am a German citizen.

This is true. I'm not kidding.

I'm still an American citizen, thankfully, but i am also a German citizen. I have what they call "dual nationality."

It amazes me that in all my life the possibility of this never was mentioned, but yesterday, when my sister Letitia (who is studying classical music and wishes to obtain her master's degree in Germany) applied for an alien resident work permit, she was told she didn't need one because she is already a German citizen.

Boy, did this set off the alarms at home! You see, my mother was born in Germany, and fled the country (first to England, then to Italy, and finally to America) during the Nazi era. For the usual obvious reasons. In 1945, before i was born, she was naturalized as an American citizen. Both my sister and i were raised as Americans, and i, as the older, was told many, many things which led me to distrust the German people. (And why not? —hadn't they put my grandfather in Dachau?) (He was released through the intercession of highly-placed Aryan friends, thank god, before Hitler began the full-scale extermination of the Jews, and he and my grandmother settled in New York eventually . . . but my mother's cousin was not so lucky.)

Well, it seems that what with all of the fleeing for her life my mother did, she never renounced her German citizenship. It was unilaterally revoked by the German Nazi government. And with that government since discredited, all their actions became invalid. Thus, to Germany, my mother is simply a citizen who has stayed away without renewing her 1935 passport. She need only apply at the local German consulate and—presto!—she'll be up to date on her paperwork and all will be well with the world. Due to the circumstances under which she left, and the official German policy of atonement for past errors, they won't even make her file a late payment fee, i guess.

Meanwhile, my sister and I have inherited German citizenship from her "as a birthright," according to the U.S. State Department. And since Germany does not revoke one's citizenship if one swears allegiance to another nation (as my mother did when she became an American), even her long residence here and her U.S. citizenship do not conflict with her previous status, in the eyes of German law.

Now, the U.S., as is well known, demands an oath of allegiance from naturalized citizens, and will revoke even a native-born person's citizenship if said person swears allegiance to a foreign power—but Germany requires no oath of allegiance from its native born citizens—or from their children! Thus i am a German citizen AND an American one, through a quirk of the laws of both countries.

Okay. But the question that is weighing heavily on me today is—do i WANT to be a German citizen? I mean, technically i already AM, whether i care to be or not, but the German government doesn't know about it yet, because my birth was never registered with them. Shall i tell them? And if i do, then what?

Yes, it's the Nazi regime that's on my mind. Yes, i know that most Germans today are either innocent of those atrocities or regret them. (Or so they SAY . . .) Yes, i know that you can't blame an entire nation for the work carried out by the demonic few, and many years ago at that.

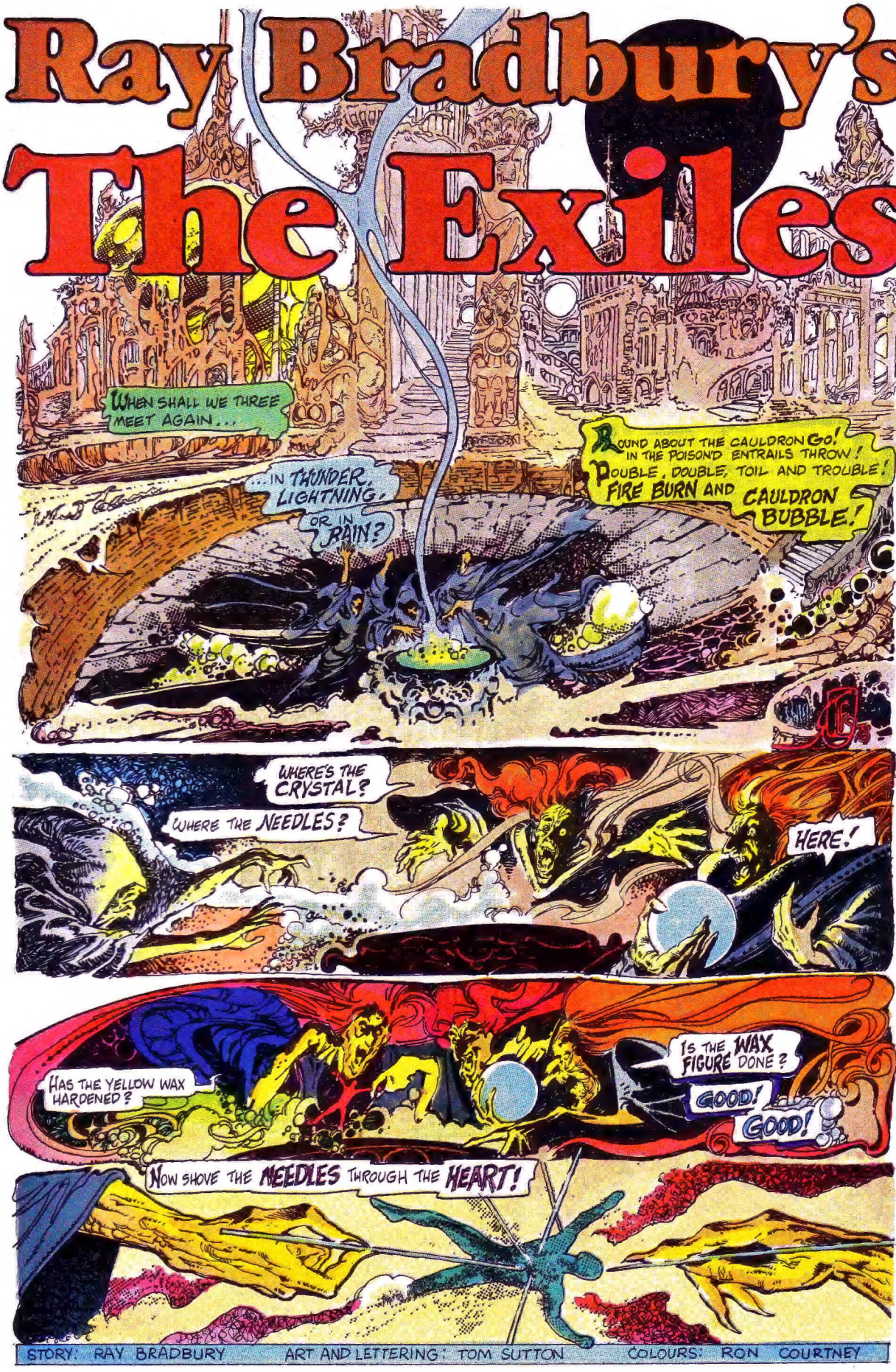
BUT . . .

Leaving the rest unsaid . . .

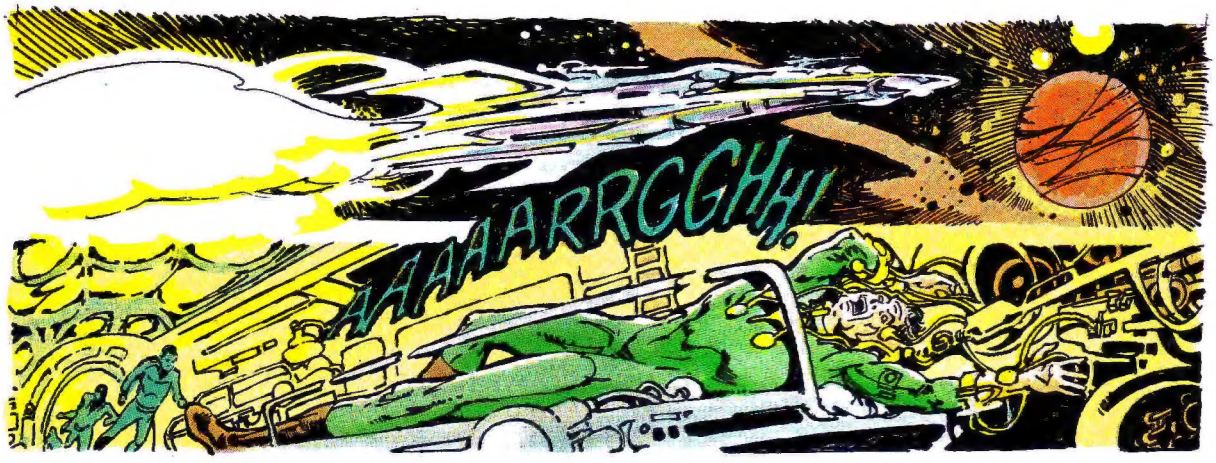
catherine yronwode

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS™ no. 10, December 1986. Published bi-monthly by Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446. Catherine Yronwode, Editor. Dean Mullaney, Publisher. Cover Art ©1986 Mick Austin. The Exiles: Story ©1986 Ray Bradbury; Adaptation ©1986 Tom Sutton. Perfect Model: Story ©1986 Beppe Sabatini; Art ©1986 Gray Morrow. Cracked Mirrors: Story ©1986 Tim Smith; Art ©1986 Denis McFarling. Arena ©1986 Rafa Negrete. Alien Encounters TM Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. All other material ©1986 Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved. Film by SM Graphics.

Ray Bradbury's The Exiles


WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN...
...IN THUNDER, LIGHTNING, OR IN RAIN?
ROUND ABOUT THE CAULDRON GO! IN THE POISON'D ENTRAILS THROW! DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE! FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON BUBBLE!
WHERE'S THE CRYSTAL?
WHERE THE NEEDLES?
HERE!
HAS THE YELLOW WAX HARDENED?
IS THE WAX FIGURE DONE?
GOOD! GOOD!
NOW SHOVE THE NEEDLES THROUGH THE HEART!

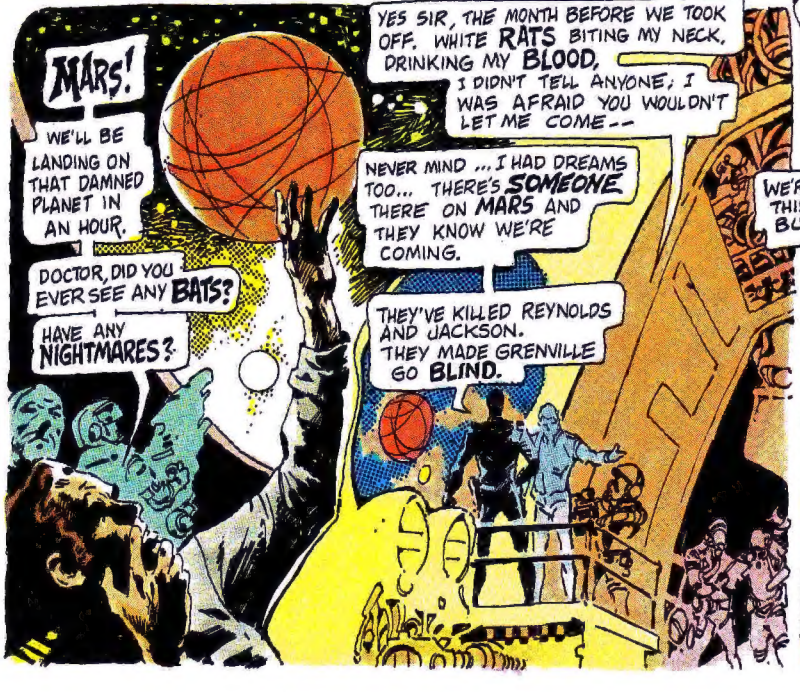
STORY: RAY BRADBURY ART AND LETTERING: TOM SUTTON COLOURS: RON COURTNEY

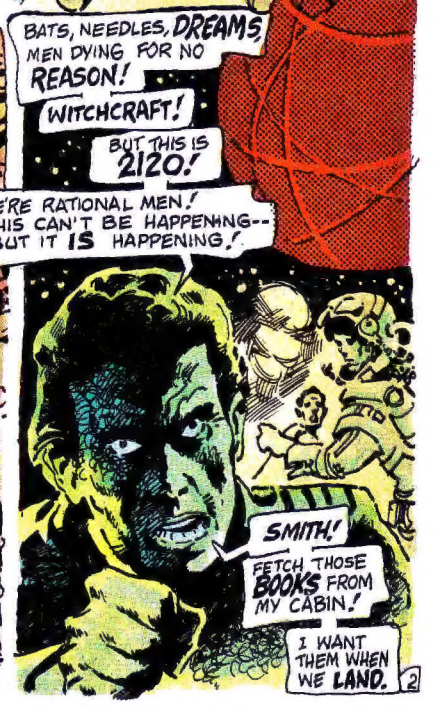

AAAARRGGHH!

I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN, PERCE'S, DEAD.
LIKE THE OTHERS? NO APPARENT CAUSE?
NOT HIS HEART, HIS BRAIN, OR SHOCK?
THAT'S RIGHT.

PERSE COMPLAINED OF PAINS-- LIKE NEEDLES, HE SAID-- IN HIS WRISTS AND LEGS.
SAID HE FELT LIKE MELTING WAX.
SAID HE HAD A NEEDLE IN HIS HEART.

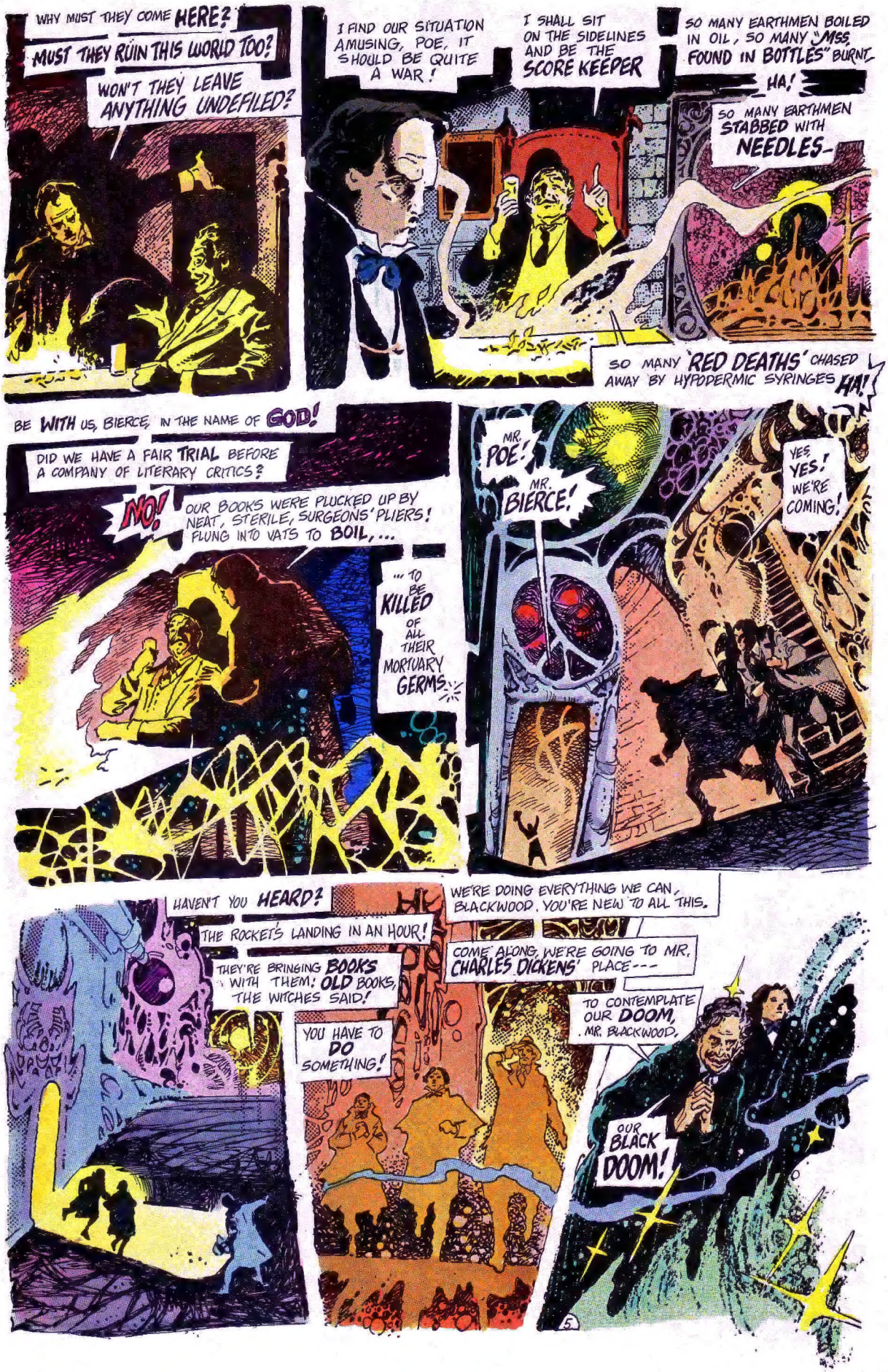
NIGHTMARES, JUST LIKE THE REST! REYNOLDS WAS HAUNTED BY DEMONS BEFORE HE DIED!
AND WHAT DID JACKSON SEE OUTSIDE THE VIEWPORTS?
BATS, HE SAID.
BATS WITH MENS FACES.
HORRIBLE!

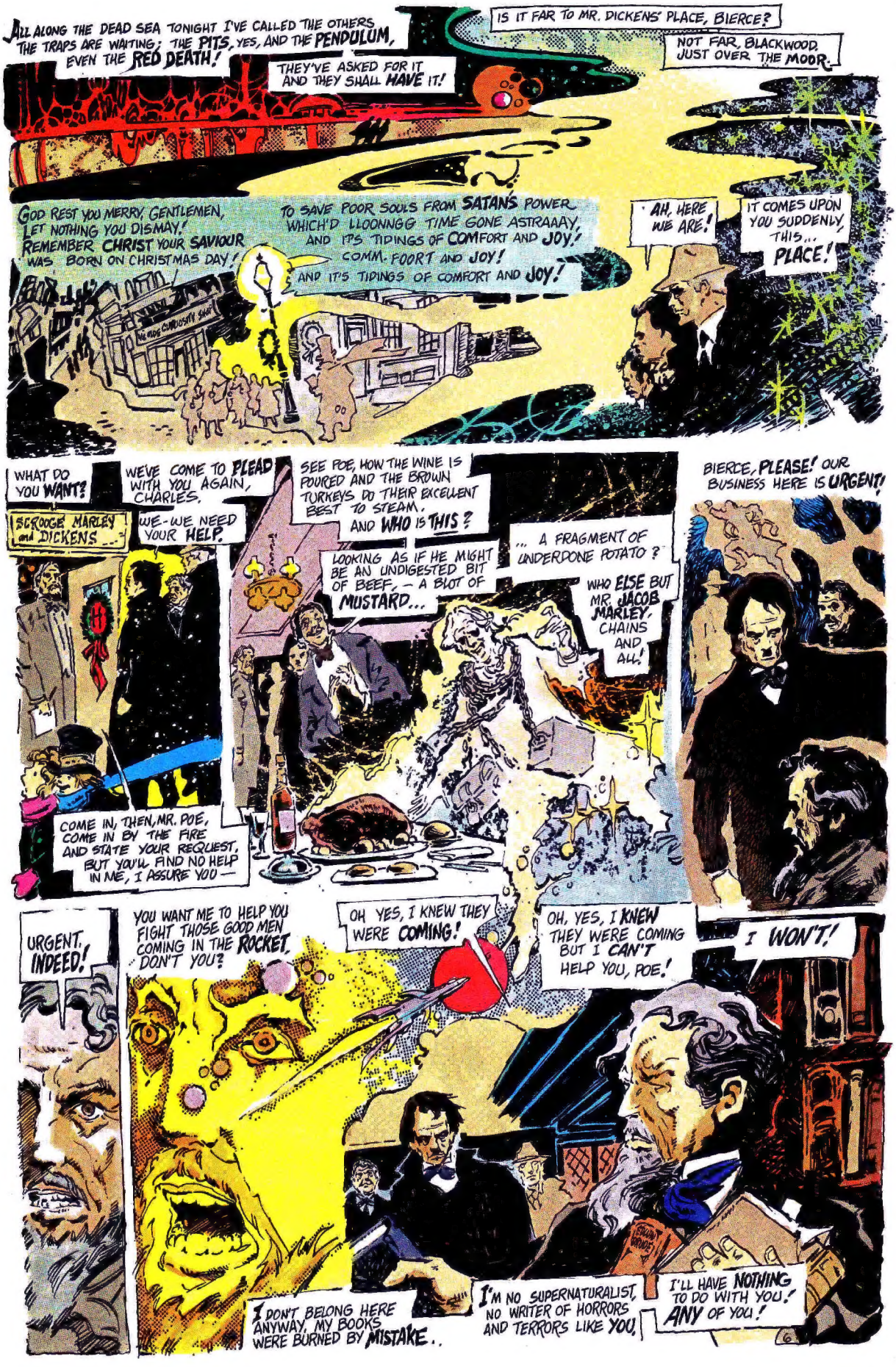

MARS!
WE'LL BE LANDING ON THAT DAMNED PLANET IN AN HOUR.
DOCTOR, DID YOU EVER SEE ANY BATS?
HAVE ANY NIGHTMARES?
YES SIR, THE MONTH BEFORE WE TOOK OFF. WHITE RATS BITING MY NECK, DRINKING MY BLOOD,
I DIDN'T TELL ANYONE; I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T LET ME COME--
NEVER MIND ... I HAD DREAMS TOO... THERE'S SOMEONE THERE ON MARS AND THEY KNOW WE'RE COMING.
THEY'VE KILLED REYNOLDS AND JACKSON. THEY MADE GRENVILLE GO BLIND.

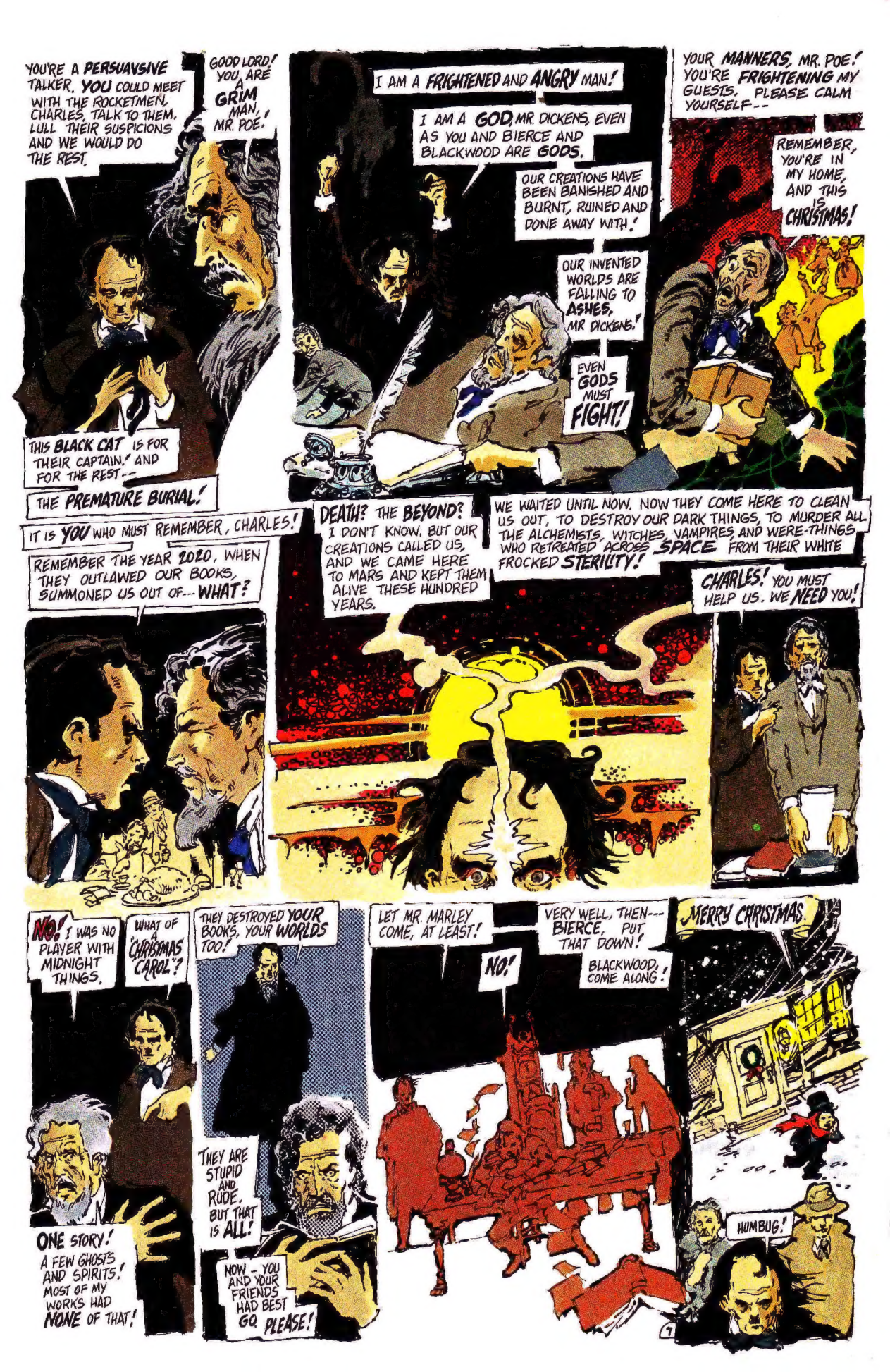

BATS, NEEDLES, DREAMS, MEN DYING FOR NO REASON!
WITCHCRAFT!
BUT THIS IS 2120!
WE'RE RATIONAL MEN! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING-- BUT IT IS HAPPENING!
SMITH!
FETCH THOSE BOOKS FROM MY CABIN!
I WANT THEM WHEN WE LAND.

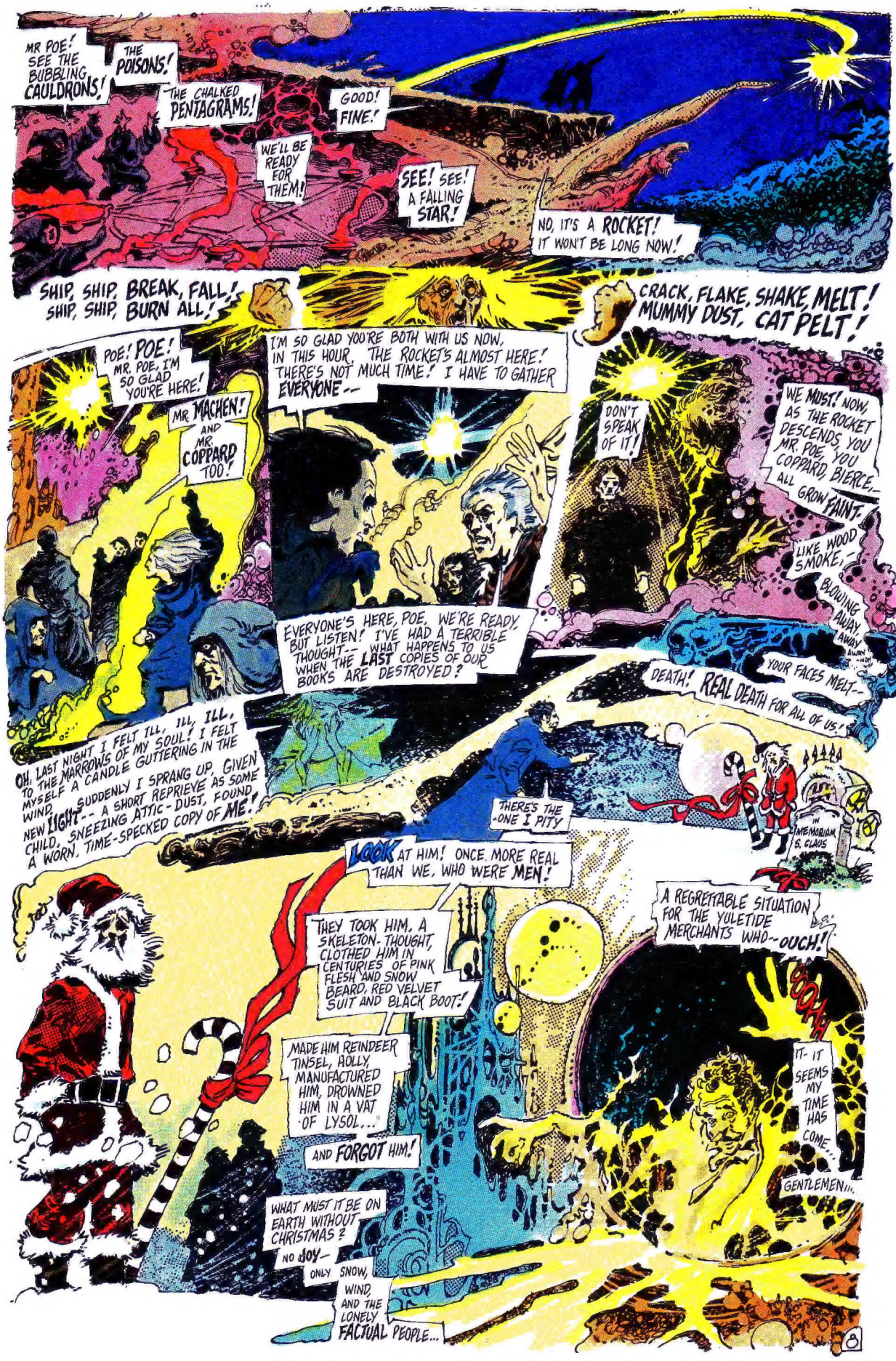
THINK I'M INSANE, DOCTOR? HAVE YOU LOOKED AT THEM?
JUST BEFORE WE TOOK OFF, I ORDERED THESE BOOKS FROM THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM, BECAUSE OF MY DREAMS...
...ALL MY DREAMS.
FOR WEEKS THE CREW OF THIS SHIP HAS BEEN STABBED, BUTCHERED, IMPALED, BURIED ALIVE!
WE'VE DREAMT OF WITCH-THINGS AND WERE-THINGS, VAMPIRES AND PHANTOMS---
THINGS WE COULDN'T POSSIBLY KNOW ABOUT!
I THOUGHT ALL THESE GHASTLY BOOKS WERE DESTROYED, BURNED A CENTURY AGO.
TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION BY EDGAR ALLEN POE
THESE ARE THE VERY LAST COPIES, KEPT FOR HISTORICAL PURPOSES IN LOCKED MUSEUM VAULTS.
BOOKS BY WALTER DE LA MARE, WAKEFIELD, TOLKIEN, LOVECRAFT, WELLS, HUXLEY--
ALL FORBIDDEN AUTHORS, ALL BURNED THE SAME YEAR HALLOWEEN WAS OUTLAWED AND CHRISTMAS BANNED!
BUT SIR, WHAT GOOD ARE THESE TO US ON THE ROCKET?
I DON'T KNOW... YET.
IN AN HOUR THEY'LL LAND THEIR ROCKET!
AND THEY HAVE THE LAST OF THE BOOKS WITH THEM! THAT FOOL OF A CAPTAIN!
WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!
WE'D BETTER WARN THEM IN THE CITY.

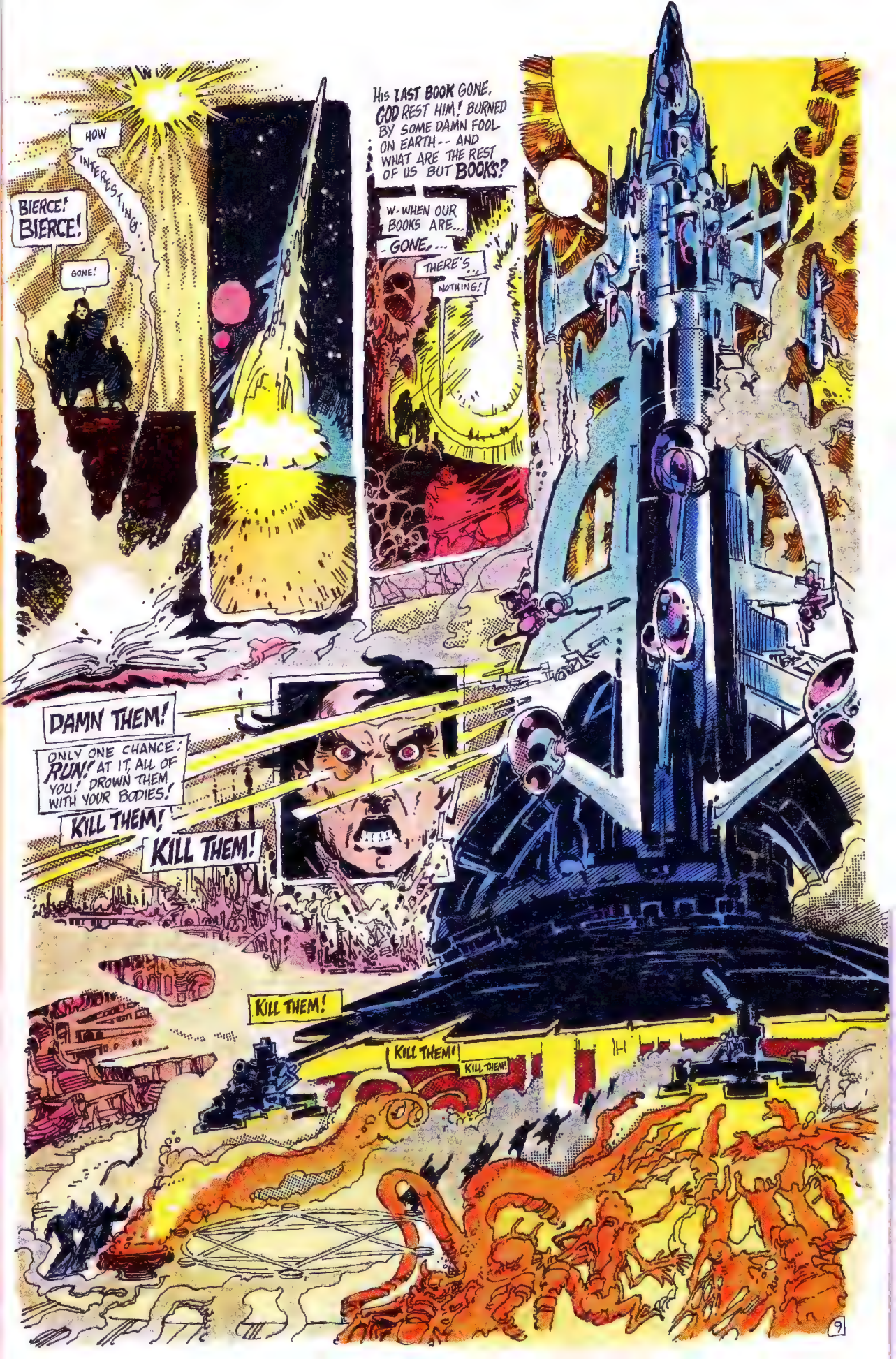
HIK—
HECATE'S FRIENDS ARE BUSY TONIGHT
AH, THOSE WITCHES! I SAW WILL SHAKESPEARE AT THE SHORE EARLIER, WHIPPING THEM ON.
SHAKESPEARE'S ARMY ALONE NUMBERS THOUSANDS ALL ALONG THE SHORE OF THE DRY SEA--
--THE WITCHES...
OBERON!
HAMLET'S FATHER, PUCK, ALL OF THEM, GOOD LORD! A SEA OF PEOPLE!
DICKENS...
WE'LL HAVE TO TELL MR. DICKENS NOW. WE'VE PUT IT OFF TOO LONG, WILL YOU GO TO HIS HOUSE WITH ME, BIERCE?
I WAS THINKING, POE
WHA--
WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO US?
IF WE CAN'T KILL THE ROCKET MEN, FRIGHTEN THEM AWAY...
THEN WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE, OF COURSE.
WE'LL GO TO JUPITER.
IF THEY FOLLOW US THERE, WE'LL GO ON TO SATURN...
WE'LL GO TO URANUS
OR NEPTUNE AND THEN OUT TO PLUTO...
WE CAN HOPE FOR ONE OF THEIR ATOMIC WARS--
THE RETURN OF THE DARK AGES, SUPERSTITION!
PERHAPS THEN WE COULD COME BACK TO EARTH, ALL OF US...
IN ONE DARK NIGHT!


WHY MUST THEY COME HERE?
MUST THEY RUIN THIS WORLD TOO?
WON'T THEY LEAVE ANYTHING UNDEFILED?
I FIND OUR SITUATION AMUSING, POE, IT SHOULD BE QUITE A WAR!
I SHALL SIT ON THE SIDELINES AND BE THE SCORE KEEPER
SO MANY EARTHMEN BOILED IN OIL, SO MANY "MSS. FOUND IN BOTTLES" BURNT— HA!
SO MANY EARTHMEN STABBED WITH NEEDLES—
SO MANY "RED DEATHS" CHASED AWAY BY HYPODERMIC SYRINGES HA!
BE WITH US, BIERCE, IN THE NAME OF GOD!
DID WE HAVE A FAIR TRIAL BEFORE A COMPANY OF LITERARY CRITICS?
NO!
OUR BOOKS WERE PLUCKED UP BY NEAT, STERILE, SURGEONS' PLIERS! FLUNG INTO VATS TO BOIL, ...
... TO BE KILLED OF ALL THEIR MORTUARY GERMS.
MR. POE!
MR. BIERCE!
YES YES! WE'RE COMING!
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?
THE ROCKET'S LANDING IN AN HOUR!
THEY'RE BRINGING BOOKS WITH THEM: OLD BOOKS, THE WITCHES SAID!
YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!
WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING WE CAN, BLACKWOOD. YOU'RE NEW TO ALL THIS.
COME ALONG, WE'RE GOING TO MR. CHARLES DICKENS' PLACE---
TO CONTEMPLATE OUR DOOM, MR. BLACKWOOD.
OUR BLACK DOOM!
5


ALL ALONG THE DEAD SEA TONIGHT I'VE CALLED THE OTHERS. THE TRAPS ARE WAITING; THE PITS, YES, AND THE PENDULUM, EVEN THE RED DEATH!
THEY'VE ASKED FOR IT AND THEY SHALL HAVE IT!
IS IT FAR TO MR. DICKENS' PLACE, BIERCE?
NOT FAR, BLACKWOOD, JUST OVER THE MOOR.
GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN, LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY! REMEMBER CHRIST YOUR SAVIOUR WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY!
TO SAVE POOR SOULS FROM SATAN'S POWER WHICH'D LLOONNGG TIME GONE ASTRAAAY, AND I'S TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY! COMM-FOORT AND JOY!
AND IT'S TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY!
AH, HERE WE ARE!
IT COMES UPON YOU SUDDENLY, THIS... PLACE!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WE'VE COME TO PLEAD WITH YOU AGAIN, CHARLES.
SCROOGE MARLEY and DICKENS
WE-WE NEED YOUR HELP.
COME IN, THEN, MR. POE, COME IN BY THE FIRE AND STATE YOUR REQUEST, BUT YOU'LL FIND NO HELP IN ME, I ASSURE YOU—
SEE POE, HOW THE WINE IS POURED AND THE BROWN TURKEYS DO THEIR EXCELLENT BEST TO STEAM. AND WHO IS THIS?
LOOKING AS IF HE MIGHT BE AN UNDIGESTED BIT OF BEEF, — A BLOT OF MUSTARD...
... A FRAGMENT OF UNDERDONE POTATO?
WHO ELSE BUT MR. JACOB MARLEY, CHAINS AND ALL!
BIERCE, PLEASE! OUR BUSINESS HERE IS URGENT!
URGENT, INDEED!
YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU FIGHT THOSE GOOD MEN COMING IN THE ROCKET, DON'T YOU?
OH YES, I KNEW THEY WERE COMING!
OH, YES, I KNEW THEY WERE COMING BUT I CAN'T HELP YOU, POE!
I WON'T!
I DON'T BELONG HERE ANYWAY, MY BOOKS WERE BURNED BY MISTAKE..
I'M NO SUPERNATURALIST, NO WRITER OF HORRORS AND TERRORS LIKE YOU.
I'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU! ANY OF YOU!
6

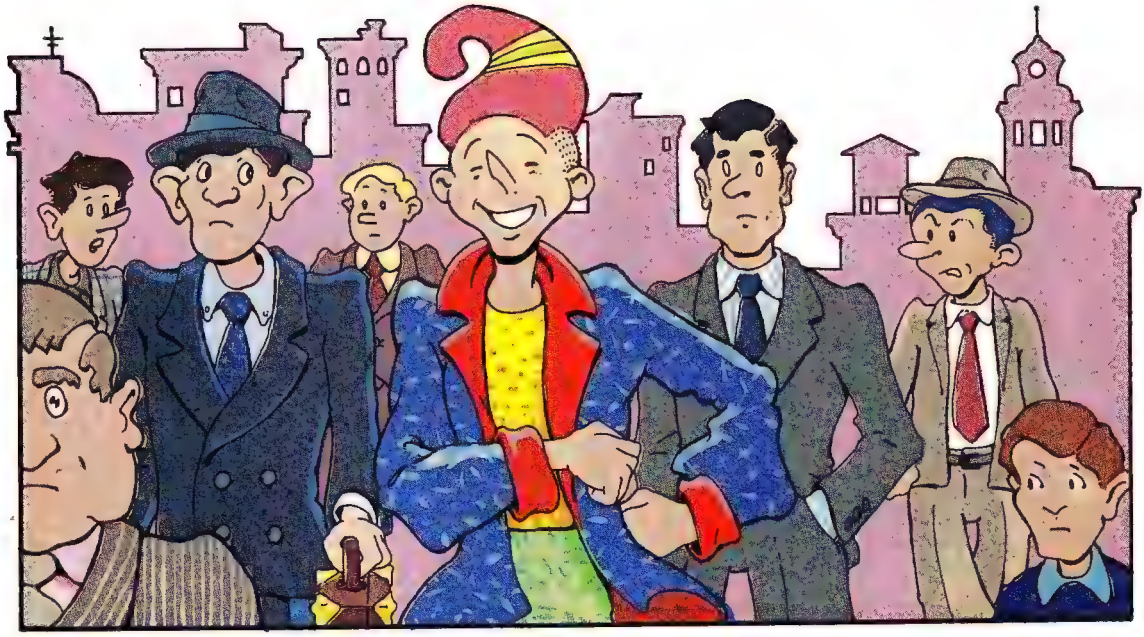

YOU'RE A PERSUAVSIVE TALKER. YOU COULD MEET WITH THE ROCKETMEN, CHARLES, TALK TO THEM, LULL THEIR SUSPICIONS AND WE WOULD DO THE REST.
GOOD LORD! YOU ARE A GRIM MAN, MR. POE.
THIS BLACK CAT IS FOR THEIR CAPTAIN." AND FOR THE REST--
THE PREMATURE BURIAL!
I AM A FRIGHTENED AND ANGRY MAN!
I AM A GOD, MR. DICKENS, EVEN AS YOU AND BIERCE AND BLACKWOOD ARE GODS.
OUR CREATIONS HAVE BEEN BANISHED AND BURNT, RUINED AND DONE AWAY WITH!
OUR INVENTED WORLDS ARE FALLING TO ASHES, MR DICKENS!
EVEN GODS MUST FIGHT!
YOUR MANNERS, MR. POE! YOU'RE FRIGHTENING MY GUESTS. PLEASE CALM YOURSELF--
REMEMBER, YOU'RE IN MY HOME, AND THIS IS CHRISTMAS!
IT IS YOU WHO MUST REMEMBER, CHARLES!
REMEMBER THE YEAR 2020, WHEN THEY OUTLAWED OUR BOOKS, SUMMONED US OUT OF--- WHAT?
DEATH? THE BEYOND? I DON'T KNOW. BUT OUR CREATIONS CALLED US, AND WE CAME HERE TO MARS AND KEPT THEM ALIVE THESE HUNDRED YEARS.
WE WAITED UNTIL NOW. NOW THEY COME HERE TO CLEAN US OUT, TO DESTROY OUR DARK THINGS, TO MURDER ALL THE ALCHEMISTS, WITCHES, VAMPIRES, AND WERE-THINGS WHO RETREATED ACROSS SPACE FROM THEIR WHITE FROCKED STERILITY!
CHARLES! YOU MUST HELP US. WE NEED YOU!
NO! I WAS NO PLAYER WITH MIDNIGHT THINGS.
WHAT OF A "CHRISTMAS CAROL"?
ONE STORY! A FEW GHOSTS AND SPIRITS! MOST OF MY WORKS HAD NONE OF THAT!
THEY DESTROYED YOUR BOOKS, YOUR WORLDS TOO!
THEY ARE STUPID AND RUDE. BUT THAT IS ALL!
NOW - YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS HAD BEST GO. PLEASE!
LET MR. MARLEY COME, AT LEAST!
NO!
VERY WELL, THEN--- BIERCE, PUT THAT DOWN!
BLACKWOOD, COME ALONG!
MERRY CHRISTMAS
HUMBUG!
7


MR POE! SEE THE BUBBLING CAULDRONS!
THE POISONS!
THE CHALKED PENTAGRAMS!
WE'LL BE READY FOR THEM!
GOOD! FINE!
SEE! SEE! A FALLING STAR!
NO, IT'S A ROCKET! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
SHIP, SHIP, BREAK, FALL! SHIP, SHIP, BURN ALL!
CRACK, FLAKE, SHAKE, MELT! MUMMY DUST, CAT PELT!
POE! POE! MR. POE, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE!
MR. MACHEN! AND MR. COPPARD TOO?
I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE BOTH WITH US NOW, IN THIS HOUR, THE ROCKET'S ALMOST HERE! THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME! I HAVE TO GATHER EVERYONE--
DON'T SPEAK OF IT!
WE MUST! NOW, AS THE ROCKET DESCENDS, YOU MR. POE, YOU COPPARD, BIERCE,-- ALL GROW FAINT.
LIKE WOOD SMOKE,-- BLOWING AWAY, AWAY
EVERYONE'S HERE, POE, WE'RE READY, BUT LISTEN! I'VE HAD A TERRIBLE THOUGHT-- WHAT HAPPENS TO US WHEN THE LAST COPIES OF OUR BOOKS ARE DESTROYED?
YOUR FACES MELT-- DEATH! REAL DEATH FOR ALL OF US!
OH, LAST NIGHT I FELT ILL, ILL, ILL, TO THE MARROWS OF MY SOUL! I FELT MYSELF A CANDLE GUTTERING IN THE WIND. SUDDENLY I SPRANG UP, GIVEN NEW LIGHT-- A SHORT REPRIEVE AS SOME CHILD, SNEEZING ATTIC-DUST, FOUND A WORN, TIME-SPECKED COPY OF ME!
THERE'S THE ONE I PITY
IN MEMORIAM S. CLAUS
LOOK AT HIM! ONCE MORE REAL THAN WE, WHO WERE MEN!
A REGRETTABLE SITUATION FOR THE YULETIDE MERCHANTS WHO-- OUCH!
THEY TOOK HIM, A SKELETON-THOUGHT, CLOTHED HIM IN CENTURIES OF PINK FLESH AND SNOW BEARD, RED VELVET SUIT AND BLACK BOOT!
OOOH
IT- IT SEEMS MY TIME HAS COME... GENTLEMEN...
MADE HIM REINDEER TINSEL, HOLLY MANUFACTURED HIM, DROWNED HIM IN A VAT OF LYSOL...
AND FORGOT HIM!
WHAT MUST IT BE ON EARTH WITHOUT CHRISTMAS? NO JOY- ONLY SNOW, WIND, AND THE LONELY FACTUAL PEOPLE...


HOW INTERESTING...
BIERCE! BIERCE!
GONE!
HIS LAST BOOK GONE. GOD REST HIM! BURNED BY SOME DAMN FOOL ON EARTH -- AND WHAT ARE THE REST OF US BUT BOOKS?
W-WHEN OUR BOOKS ARE... -GONE,...
THERE'S... NOTHING!
DAMN THEM!
ONLY ONE CHANCE: RUN! AT IT, ALL OF YOU! DROWN THEM WITH YOUR BODIES!
KILL THEM!
KILL THEM!
KILL THEM!
KILL THEM!
KILL THEM!

A NEW WORLD!
LET'S DEDICATE IT TO PROGRESS
TO SCIENCE!
BRING OUT THE BOOKS!
HEAR THAT?
LIKE THE SOUND OF AIR RUSHING TO FILL A VACUUM, WHERE A MOMENT BEFORE HAD BEEN--
-- SOMETHING!
AND A SCREAM--
THIN AND HIGH AND WAILING!
DID YOU SEE IT?
OUT THERE, A HUGE BLACK WAVE! DARKER THAN THE NIGHT! RUNNING AT US!
DON'T BE A COUPLE OF FOOLS!
LOOK AROUND YOU!
THERE'S NO ONE HERE, IS THERE?
BUT NOW-- NOTHING!
NO ONE HERE AT ALL...
NO ONE HERE...
NO ONE...
END

CRACKED MIRRORS



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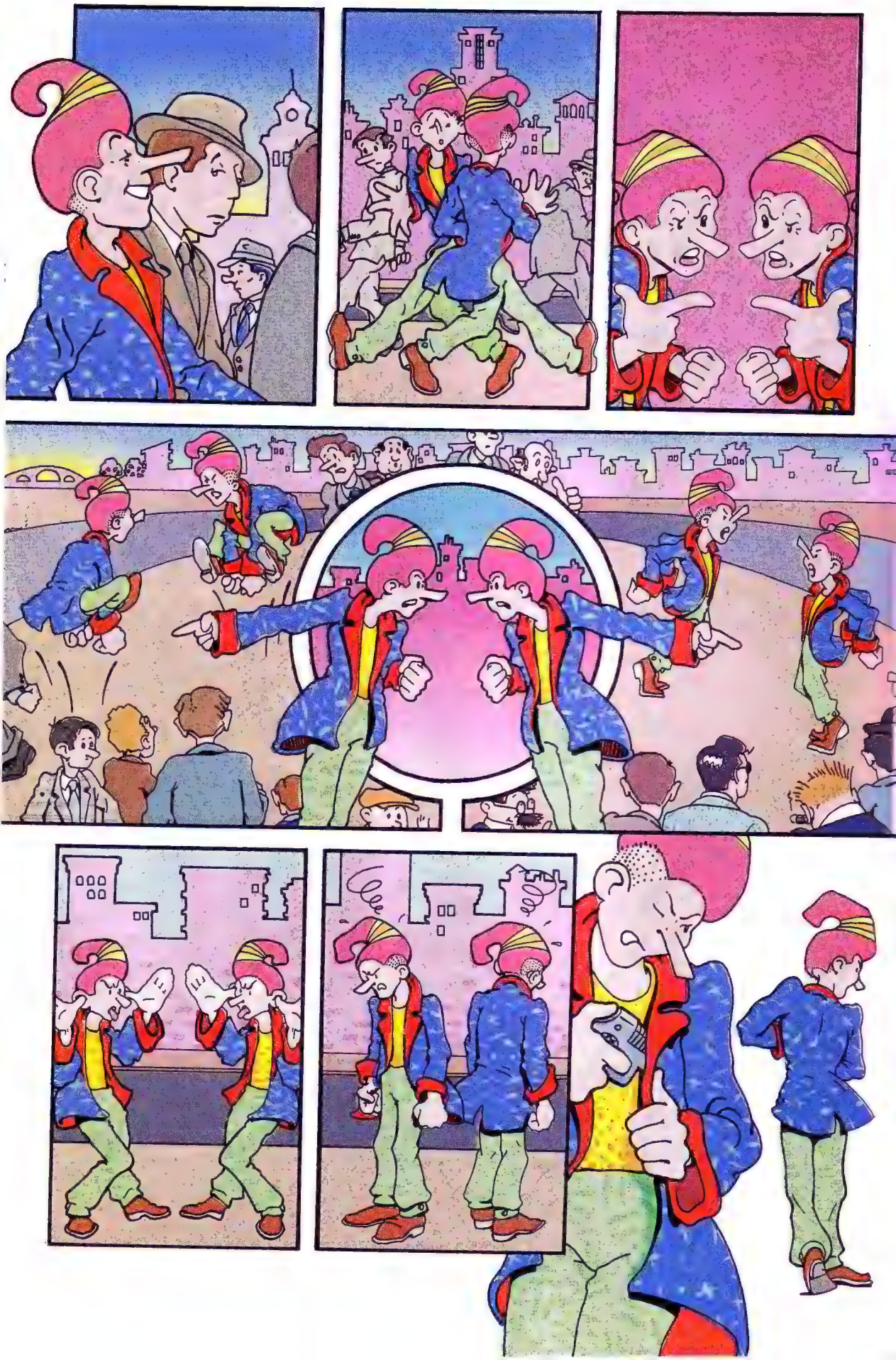
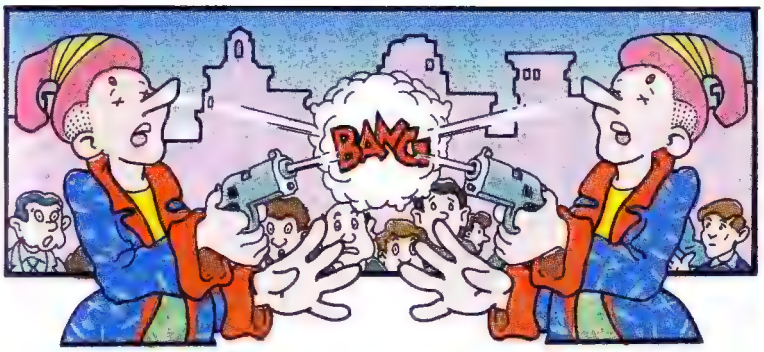
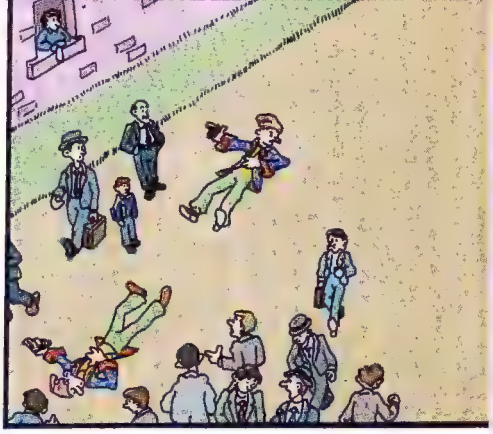
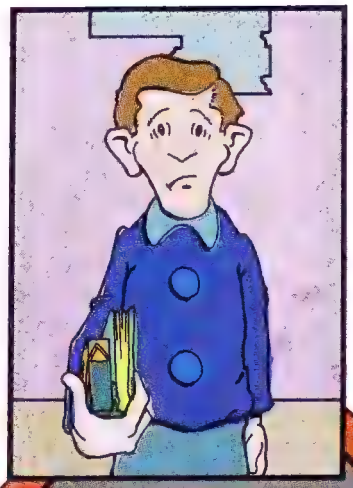
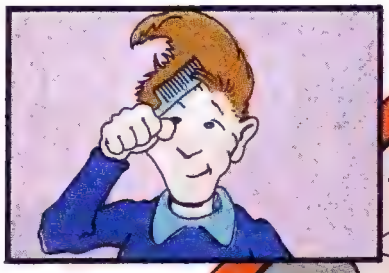
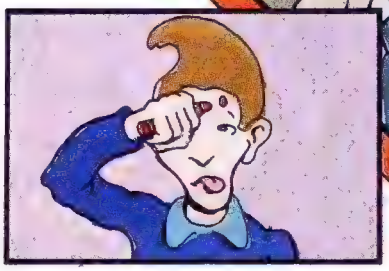


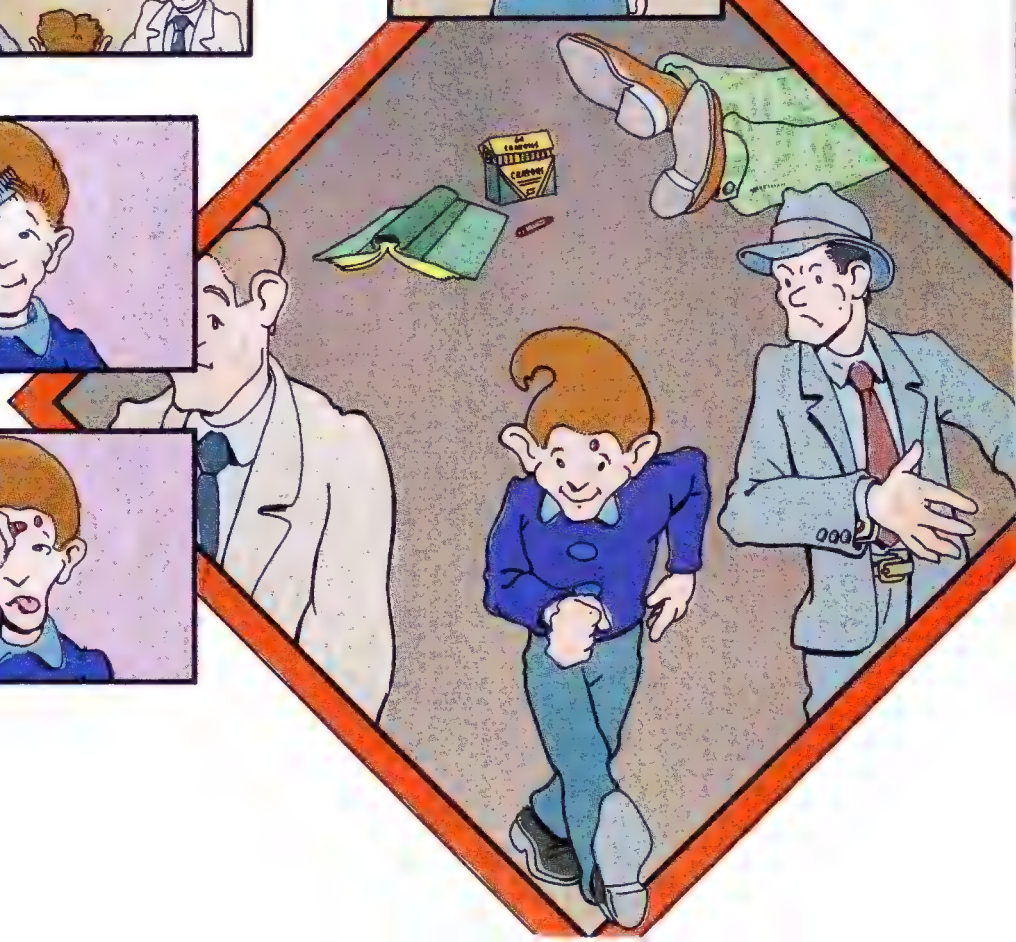

BANG









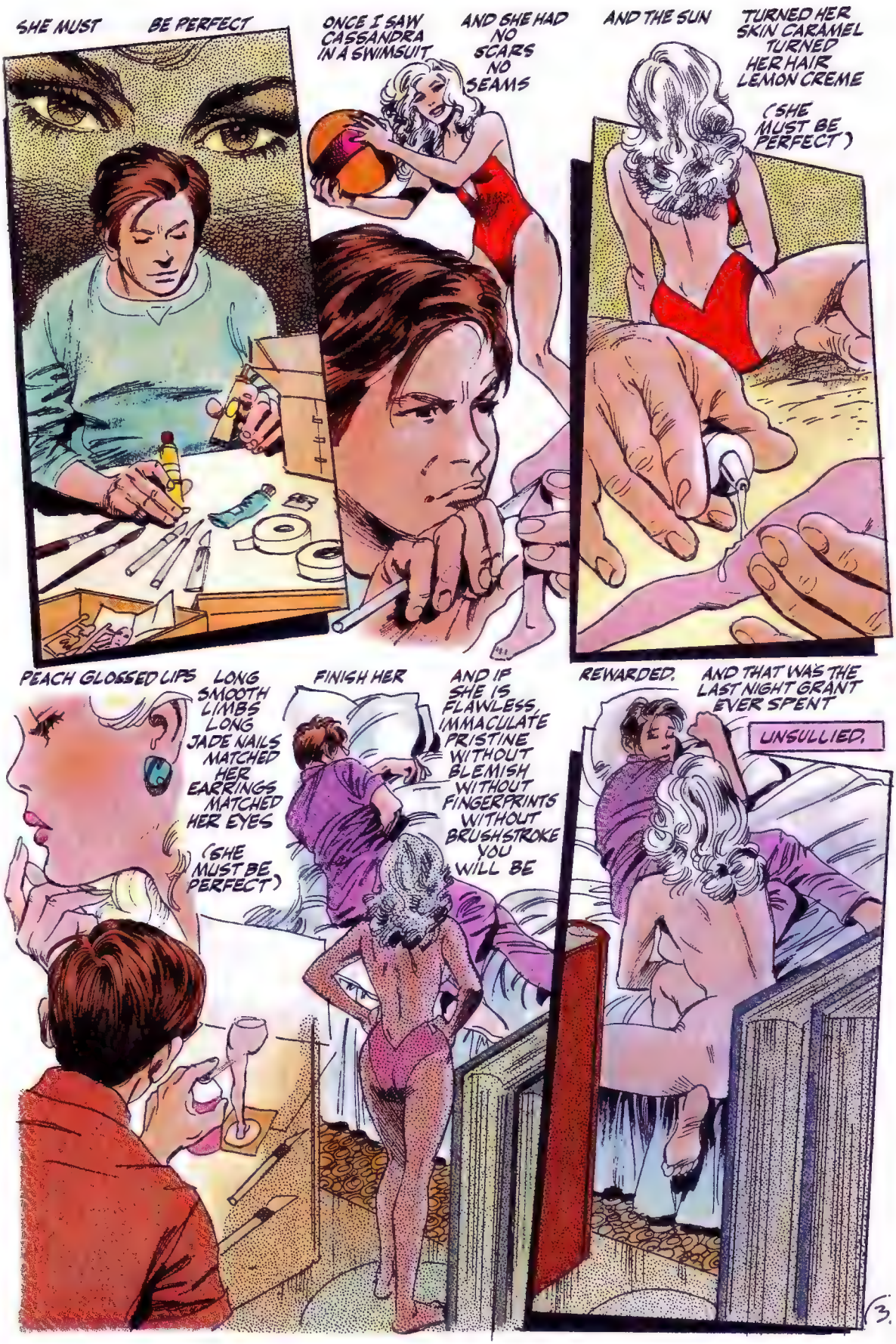


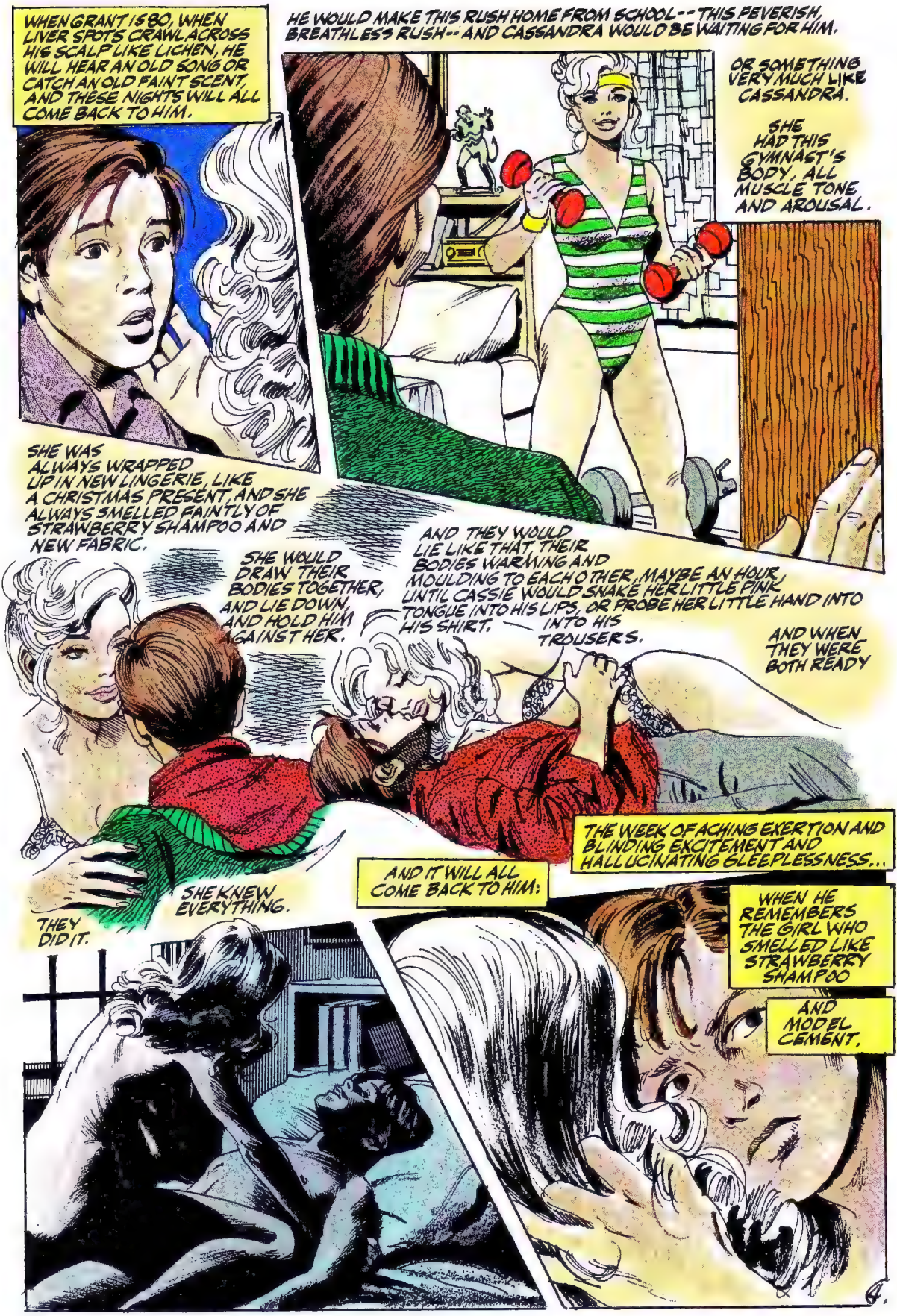
TAKE THE FIRST EXIT OFF JEFFERSON DRIVE PAST THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.
GO PAST THE SUNOCO, AND KEEP ON ALL THE WAY THROUGH OAKLAWN HILLS.
AT THE END, GO LEFT, LEFT, RIGHT, THEN STOP AT THE BLUE DUPLEX WITH THE BROKEN LATCH AND THE CONCRETE BIRD-BATH IN FRONT...
AND THERE YOU WILL FIND THE LIVING APOTHEOSIS OF ETHEREAL BEAUTY MADE FLESH AND TRANSCENDENT SENSUALITY INCARNATE.
CASSANDRA MANCHESTER. THE MOST PERFECT GIRL IN THE WORLD.
HEY, GRANT!
HEY, GRANT! WAKE UP STUPID!
EARTH TO GRANT! MAN, YOU LOST IT!
DUDE, SHE'S JUST LIKE, YOU KNOW, A GIRL.
YOU'RE SUCH A MORON, EDDIE.
SHE'S COMPLETELY ...OFF THE SCALE. SHE'S...PERFECT.
YEAH, WELL, SHE LOOKS KIND OF LIKE A MODEL OR ACTRESS OR SOMETHING, BUT MAYBE SHE'S FRIGID.
YOU'RE SUCH AN EXPERT, YOU LOSER.
LOOK! SEE! HER MOM'S CHECK HAS HER PHONE NUMBER ON IT!
I'M GOING TO ASK HER OUT!
DON'T BE SUCH A DOG-BRAIN, GRANT. SHE'S A SENIOR AND SHE'S ENGAGED, AND YOU'VE NEVER EVEN HAD A DATE!
STILL, I MUST WIN HER!
TO POSSESS HER I WILL RISK ALL-- SACRIFICE ALL!
SHE IS MY GOAL IN FEMININE BEAUTY!
I CAN'T TAKE THIS! SHE'S JUST A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL! SHE'S JUST NORMAL!
SHE'S NOT MAGIC OR ANYTHING!
YOU'RE NUTS.

PERFECT MODEL

BEPPE SABATINI~WRITER • GRAY MORROW~ARTIST/LETTERER • RON COURTNEY~COLORIST

Jack's
HOLEEE---
SPACE CRUISER
BIMBO PRODUCTS INC.
Cassandra
SCALE MODEL DOLL
BEE-G RACER
GRANT--HEY, GRANT--GRANT!
I DON'T GET IT! HOW CAN THERE BE A MODEL KIT OF HER? GRANT?
IS IT AN IMPORT? IS THERE SOME ACTRESS WITH THE SAME NAME? GRANT?
GRANT!
C'MON, DUDE, WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
IS THIS SOME WEIRD MAGIC OR WHAT?
BECAUSE, LISTEN, IF YOU'RE GOING TO TURN INTO SOME WEREWOLF OR SOMETHING, I WANT A NEW BROTHER!


SHE MUST BE PERFECT
ONCE I SAW CASSANDRA IN A SWIMSUIT
AND SHE HAD NO SCARS NO SEAMS
AND THE SUN TURNED HER SKIN CARAMEL TURNED HER HAIR LEMON CREME
(SHE MUST BE PERFECT)
PEACH GLOSSED LIPS
LONG SMOOTH LIMBS LONG JADE NAILS MATCHED HER EARRINGS MATCHED HER EYES
(SHE MUST BE PERFECT)
FINISH HER
AND IF SHE IS FLAWLESS IMMACULATE PRISTINE WITHOUT BLEMISH WITHOUT FINGERPRINTS WITHOUT BRUSHSTROKE YOU WILL BE
REWARDED.
AND THAT WAS THE LAST NIGHT GRANT EVER SPENT
UNSULLIED.
3.


WHEN GRANT IS 80, WHEN LIVER SPOTS CRAWL ACROSS HIS SCALP LIKE LICHEN, HE WILL HEAR AN OLD SONG OR CATCH AN OLD FAINT SCENT, AND THESE NIGHTS WILL ALL COME BACK TO HIM.
HE WOULD MAKE THIS RUSH HOME FROM SCHOOL -- THIS FEVERISH, BREATHLESS RUSH -- AND CASSANDRA WOULD BE WAITING FOR HIM.
OR SOMETHING VERY MUCH LIKE CASSANDRA.
SHE HAD THIS GYMNAST'S BODY. ALL MUSCLE TONE AND AROUSAL.
SHE WAS ALWAYS WRAPPED UP IN NEW LINGERIE, LIKE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, AND SHE ALWAYS SMELLED FAINTLY OF STRAWBERRY SHAMPOO AND NEW FABRIC.
SHE WOULD DRAW THEIR BODIES TOGETHER, AND LIE DOWN, AND HOLD HIM AGAINST HER.
AND THEY WOULD LIE LIKE THAT, THEIR BODIES WARMING AND MOULDING TO EACH OTHER, MAYBE AN HOUR, UNTIL CASSIE WOULD SNAKE HER LITTLE PINK TONGUE INTO HIS LIPS, OR PROBE HER LITTLE HAND INTO HIS SHIRT. — INTO HIS TROUSERS.
AND WHEN THEY WERE BOTH READY
THEY DID IT.
SHE KNEW EVERYTHING.
THE WEEK OF ACHING EXERTION AND BLINDING EXCITEMENT AND HALLUCINATING SLEEPLESSNESS...
AND IT WILL ALL COME BACK TO HIM:
WHEN HE REMEMBERS THE GIRL WHO SMELLED LIKE STRAWBERRY SHAMPOO
AND MODEL CEMENT.
4.

SO, I ASK IF SHE'S ON THE PILL, AND SHE JUST LAUGHS, YOU KNOW?
JUST, "YOU'RE SAFE, HA-HA."
SHE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING REALLY, AND LAST NIGHT, DAD ALMOST CAUGHT US--
SO WHO CARES? JUST USE HER.
I DUNNO... I MEAN SHE'S JUST A TOY, Y'KNOW?
WHAT, IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY?
SHE'S NOT "JUST A TOY," EDDIE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE IS! I THINK SHE TOOK ONE OF MY MODELS, TOO. YOU KNOW, THE CORD ROADSTER?
OH, NO! YOUR BEST MODEL!
BUMMER! WHAT WOULD SHE DO WITH IT?
REALLY! IT TOOK ME FOUR MONTHS TO BUILD IT. IT WAS GONE THIS MORNING!
YA WANNA DRIVE? I DON'T KNOW HOW!
I RAN OVER A DOG, I THINK!
MY MODEL!
HI, HONEY! WANT TO GO FOR A RIDE?
VROOOOOOOMERK!
LISTEN, CASSIE, YOU GOTTA GO HOME! YOU CAN'T BE HERE! WHAT IF THE REAL CASSANDRA SHOWS UP? WHAT IF MY FOLKS SEE YOU?
FINE! BE AN OLD FART! I'M GOING DRIVING!
SEE IF THE REAL CASSANDRA WILL GO OUT WITH YOU!
PUT MY MODEL BACK! MAKE IT LITTLE AGAIN!
DON'T SCRATCH IT!
SKREEEEE
KRUNCH!

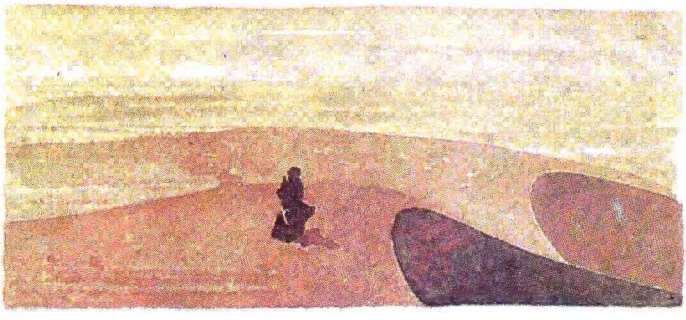
GEEZ, CASSIE, COULD YOU STOP TAKING MY MODELS OUT?
YOU TRASH THEM COMPLETELY. THAT AIRPLANE COST ME SIXTY BUCKS!
WELL, SOMETIMES, I WONDER--I MEAN--MAYBE--WELL, IF I'M AWAY AT SCHOOL, DO YOU EVER, YOU KNOW, LIKE, THINK ABOUT ME?
I GUESS SO. I DON'T KNOW. WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
LOOK, WE GOTTA TALK, CASSIE.
I MEAN, YOU NEVER USE MY NAME, YOU KNOW? YOU NEVER EVEN CALL ME GRANT OR ANYTHING.
I KNOW YOUR NAME. IT'S GRANT, OKAY?
WHY STALL AROUND... GRANT? JUST TELL ME WHATS BOTHERING YOU... GRANT. C'MON, GRANT! CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE, GRANT?
OH, WHINE, WHINE, WHINE.
I'M SO HORNY AND ALL YOU DO IS COMPLAIN.
-- I TOOK CARE OF IT. I SHUT HIM UP. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
I'M TRYING TO EXPLAIN-- IT'S LIKE, WHEN I TOLD YOU HOW MY DAD WAS ON MY CASE? FOR HAVING YOU OVER? WELL--
LA-TE-DAH...
HOW-DYE-DO...
HUMPA-HUMPA-HUMPA!
MY FATHER? YOU DID IT WITH MY FATHER? YOU BITCH! HOW COULD YOU DO THAT TO ME?
WHAT KIND OF PERSON ARE YOU?
YEAH... BUT HOW?
GRANT...
HONEY...
I'M NOT A PERSON...
6

CASSIE, SLOW DOWN!--LISTEN, I HAVE TO TAKE MY PSATS THIS WEEKEND--
--SO I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU COULD PLEASE, UH, GET SMALL, FOR A WHILE.
NO. I LIKE BEING BIG.
WELL, I MEAN, I'M ONLY FOURTEEN --I SHOULDN'T SEE JUST ONE PERSON.
OH, RIGHT, YOU'RE LIVING WITH ME, AND YOU WANT TO SEE OTHER GIRLS?
WE'RE NOT LIVING TOGETHER, WE JUST --LIVE TOGETHER.
FINE. YOU TAKE OUT ANGELA MANISCALCO, AND I'LL TAKE OUT ENOLA GAY.
MY ENOLA GAY? MY HIROSHIMA BOMBER?
YOU'D NUKE MY DATE?
WHY NOT? A MINE IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE.
I DON'T CARE.
OH, JUST QUIT COMPLAINING, WILL YOU?
I'M GOING TO BED.
OKAY, BUT FIRST I HAVE TO FINISH THIS BIPLANE...
FRI 13
WELL, MAYBE YOU SHOULD DATE OTHER PEOPLE.
I DO. IT DOESN'T CONCERN YOU. BUT IF YOU DO IT, I'LL NUKE YOU.
LOOK, YOU DON'T OWN ME, YOU KNOW!
AS A MATTER OF FACT I OWN YOU! I PAID FOR YOU!
YOU'RE GETTING TO BE AN AWFULLY SNIPPY LITTLE BOY, AREN'T YOU?
I DON'T LIKE YAPPY LITTLE BOYS. YOU NEED SOME FIXING UP.
UH...
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO...UH...
MAKE ME SMALL...
ARE YOU?

IF A STRANGER WANTED TO ENTER YOUR HOUSE--WHAT DOOR WOULD IT USE?
IF SOMETHING UNWHOLESOME WANTED TO TEMPT YOU--WOULD IT COME AS A LOVER?
SO, EDDIE, TAKE CARE--I WON'T WRITE, BUT I'LL BE OKAY!
WE'RE TAKING BOATS AND PLANES--MAYBE WE'LL STOP AND GET A MOON ROCKET!
I'VE DECIDED TO NEVER LET CASSIE GET BORED AGAIN!
JUST IN TIME, TOO!
BUT... BUT...
VROOM
ARE THEY GONE?
GRANT! BUT I JUST SAW YOU...
HAH! YOU THOUGHT!
THAT WAS THE LITTLE PILOT FROM MY BIPLANE! I SPENT ALL NIGHT CUSTOMIZING HIM--THEN I HID HIM IN MY LAST CAR!
SO NOW POLYTHENE PAM IS OFF WITH SOME FAKE YOU, RUNNING BERSERK TOODLE-OO FOREVER?
DEFINITELY! I BLEW HER OFF!
DUDE, YOU'RE A GENIUS!
HOW TRUE! BUT NOW COMES THE SCARIEST PART OF ALL!
IS THIS CASSANDRA MANCHESTER? HI, HOW YOU DOIN'?
YEAH, IT'S GRANT FROM NATSC! SO, I HEARD YOU AND YOUR BOYFRIEND BROKE UP! YEAH, ME TOO! BUMMER, HUH?
OH, YOU WOULD HAVE LIKED HER! YEAH, SHE KIND OF LOOKED LIKE YOU!
END

ARENA

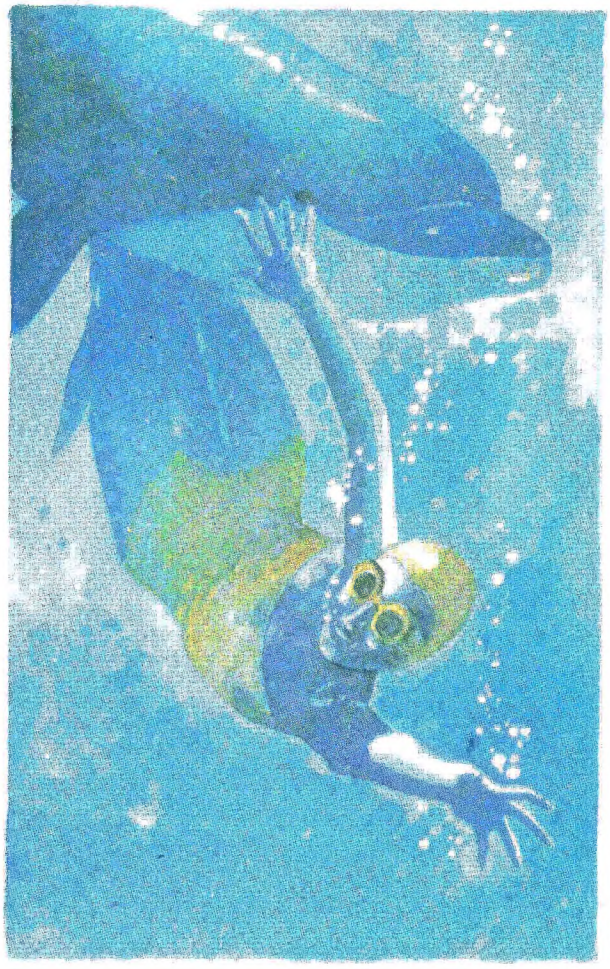
The planet "Arena" is a vast desert area over all its surface. Only certain beings specially adapted for this kind of climate can survive in this world. My presence here is due to those beings— or rather I should say "animals"—although I don't like that word because of its pejorative tone.

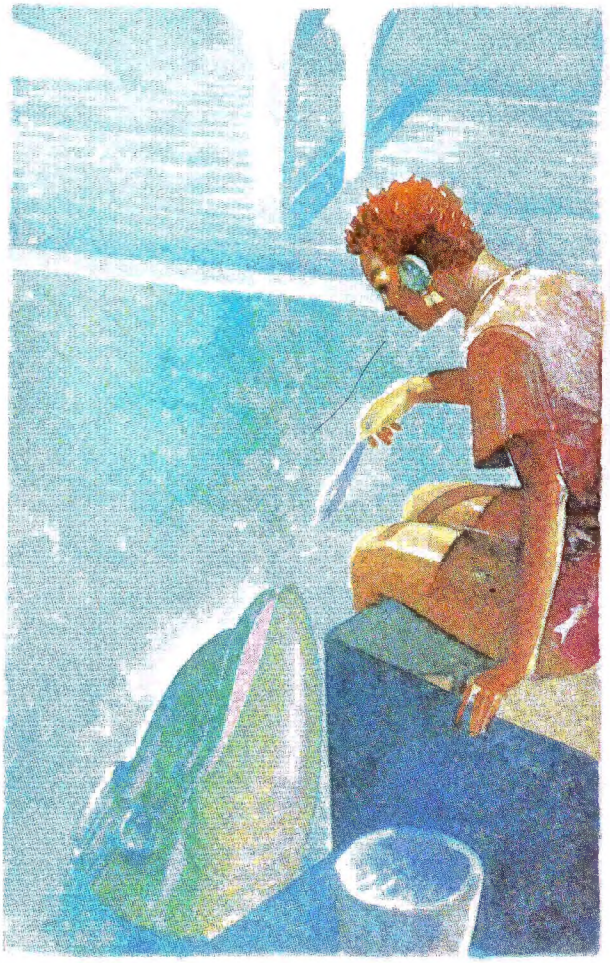


It seems anachronous to think that water, so scarce on "Arena," was practically my normal element on earth and that it was I myself, moved by the circumstances, who provoked such a change in my environment.

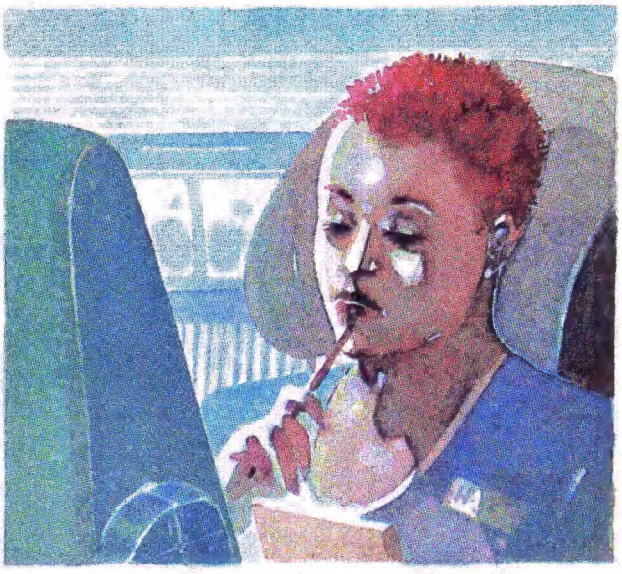
story and art: RAFE NEGRETE translated by: BRUCE TILDEN

My name is Helen Slowsky, and I am a biologist. Four years ago I obtained permission from the M.R.A. to carry out experiments with dolphins at Marineland. My purpose was to succeed in establishing a system of communication between dolphins and myself; I selected Finny, a male dolphin who possessed qualities favorable for carrying on the experiments. I demonstrated that the level of intelligence of the dolphin was greater than was supposed and that it was capable of reasoning and of speaking on the level of a six-year-old child.

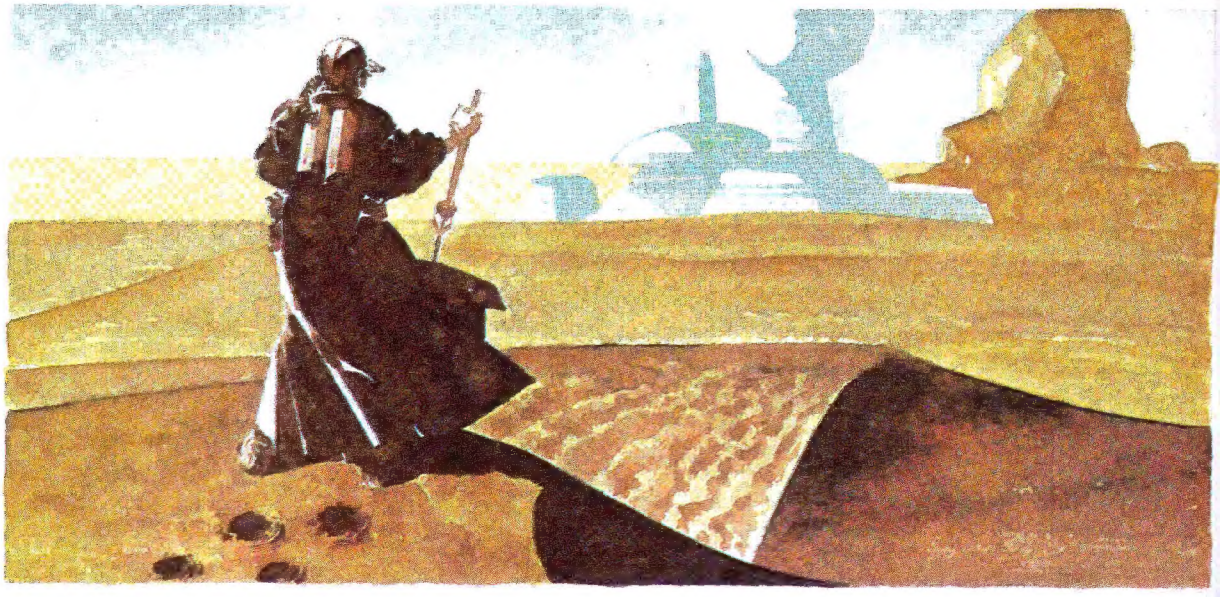




My discovery allowed me to reach a deep level of understanding of Finny and, through him, of his species. I was surprised by his extreme sensitivity, his deep capacity for emotion . . . this precisely was the cause of what happened later, when Finny finally declared openly his love and his desire to be my mate. That surprising circumstance produced a real problem for me, and I decided to leave and hand over the work to Dr. Henderson, who suggested that we should put a female dolphin in the tank with him, hoping in that way to solve the problem.



But the results were null. Finny ignored his new companion and repeatedly asked for me. We agreed that the best thing to do was to let some time go by, hoping that Finny would finally forget about me. I asked for my transfer to "Arena" to continue my studies of animal communication, working this time with a certain species of mammal known as Hip-Fib, of unusual intelligence. However, I kept in almost daily contact with Henderson to follow Finny's progress back home.



The results were invariably negative. He kept on asking for me with anxious urgency. One day Henderson called me; the tone of his voice allowed the gravity of the news to peep through before he spoke: Finny had comitted suicide. Henderson, wishing to bring about a hasty resolution to the situation, had had the stupidity to tell him that I had died in an accident. Finny jumped out of the tank that night . . . by morning he was lifeless. The news affected me deeply. I had grown fond of Finny and I couldn't avoid a feeling of guilt; perhaps my own conduct had been wrong. I should have reasoned with Finny and made him see the impossibility of our love. I learned my lesson . . . and now I have the opportunity to put it into practice. The male Hip-Fib, subject of my experiments, transmitted to me yesterday his first words, "I love you."